

Production No. 7F10

The Simpsons

"BART GETS HIT BY A CAR"

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TABLE DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR CAST READING ONLY

"BART GETS HIT BY A CAR"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
RICHARD.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LEWIS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
DEVIL.....HARRY SHEARER
FEMALE VOICE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
FIRST HIPPIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SECOND HIPPIE.....HARRY SHEARER
DELLA.....PAMELA HAYDEN
LIONEL HUTZ.....
HUTZ'S DOCTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BAILIFF.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BURN'S LAWYER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
JUDGE.....HARRY SHEARER

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FOREMAN.....HARRY SHEARER

DELIVERY BOY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

SUIT #1.....HARRY SHEARER

SUIT #2.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SUIT #3.....PAMELA HAYDEN

BART GETS HIT BY A CAR

BY

JOHN SWARTZWELDER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. A BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET - AFTERNOON

BART is zooming around recklessly on his skateboard as the credits roll. SUPER TITLE: "Episode 23: Bart Gets Hit By A Car." A beat after this fades, Bart gets rammed by a 1948 Rolls Royce. The skateboard becomes airborne, describes several slow loops, then throws Bart, **WAILING**, onto the sidewalk. The Plymouth **SCREECHES** to a stop, and SMITHERS jumps out of the passenger seat and hurries up to Bart. Bart is lying on the ground, unconscious. The skateboard is upside down next to him, its wheels still spinning. Smithers bends down to look at Bart. MR. BURNS remains at the wheel of his car, fuming.

SMITHERS

(CALLING OVER HIS SHOULDER TO BURNS) I
think the boy's hurt!

BURNS

Oh, for crying out loud... give him a
nickel and let's get going.

SMITHERS

I think he's unconscious.

BURNS

Then give him a dollar and (HONKING
HORN FOR EMPHASIS) let's go!

SMITHERS

But, this might be serious. I think we
should call an ambulance.

BURNS

(MUTTERED CURSES)

Burns gets out of his car, **SLAMS** the door and walks over to
look at Bart. CAMERA MOVES IN for a closeup of Bart.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME SCENE - DREAM SEQUENCE

Slowly a ghostly image of Bart stands up out of his body
and looks down.

BART

Hey... that looks like me.

We hear a HUGE CHOIR of angelic VOICES singing something
glorious. At the same moment, a golden slide appears next
to Bart. He hops on. CHORAL MUSIC swells slightly as the
slide begins lifting Bart up into the sky. A polite,
though very mechanical, FEMALE VOICE is heard coming out of
a hidden speaker in the escalator. This voice continues
repeating the same message throughout Bart's ascent to
heaven.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Please hold on to the handrail. Do not
spit over the side.

NEW ANGLE - OVERHEAD SHOT

From high in the clouds we can see Bart swiftly but
gracefully soaring up towards the camera. He is looking
up, then down, then up again.

NEW ANGLE - ALONGSIDE BART

Bart begins passing clouds that have PEOPLE on them. the
people are strumming harps, sleeping, reading magazines,
watching television or eating. All are dressed in white
flowing robes with fairly large white wings on their backs.
Bart gazes curiously at them as he passes. One of the
clouds has a HUGE FRONTIERSMAN ANGEL standing on an ANGEL
BEAR. Both have large white wings. The bear is dead.

BART (CONT'D)

(AMAZED) Jebediah Springfield!

Bart passes another cloud. It is a slightly larger one, and has half a dozen SIMPSON LOOKALIKES on it. They are fighting.

BART (CONT'D)

Aunt Hortense! Great Grandpa Simpson!

Next to the Simpson cloud is a smaller cloud inhabited by an ANGEL CAT who is smashed almost completely flat, with a tire tread running all the way up its back.

BART (CONT'D)

Snowball!

Bart peers over the side of the slide at the receding earth. He can see nearly the whole planet. It looks as if he's in orbit.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Please hold on to the handrail. Do not spit over the side.

Bart lets go of the handrail and spits over the side.

BART'S POV

We see earth, far, far off in the distance. Bart's gob of spit disappears. A beat later we hear a **SPLAT**.

BART

Cool!

HEAVENLY SIRENS go off everywhere. Red lights begin **FLASHING** on the slide. The steps flatten out and Bart begins sliding rapidly downward.

BART (CONT'D)

Whoa!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

We told you to hold onto the handrail.

We asked you not to spit over the side.

NEW ANGLE

From a camera mounted on the ground, we see Bart hurtling towards the ground at frightening speeds. Just as he is about to hit the ground, he covers his eyes with his hands, a crack opens up in the earth. The **CHOIR SINGING** is replaced by **WAILS, MOANS** and **DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER**.

NEW ANGLE - INSIDE THE CRACK IN THE EARTH

The **MOANS** and **WAILS** grow louder and the surrounding rocks get redder as Bart plunges farther into the earth on the slide. Bart looks around him as he passes **DAMNED SOULS** sitting or standing on ledges near the escalator. He passes **NAKED PEOPLE** in chains who are surrounded by fire, groups of **BEWILDERED SALESMEN** still clutching their burning briefcases, and a few **SULLEN HIPPIES** who are sitting on ledges strumming their melting guitars.

FIRST HIPPIE

(DEPRESSED. TO SECOND HIPPIE) Bummer,
man.

SECOND HIPPIE

(DEPRESSED) Yeah. (TO BART) Hey man,
got a quarter?

Before he can answer, the slide ends and Bart is pitched off.

BART

(STARTLED YELL)

EXT. FLOOR OF CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The end of the slide is about twenty feet from the bottom of the cavern. Bart falls and lands with a **THUD** at the feet of a grinning **DEVIL** who is leaning jauntily on his pitchfork. Bart gets up, rubs his rear end, and confronts the devil.

BART

I'm Bart Simpson. Who the hell are
you?

DEVIL

(EVIL CHUCKLE)

BART'S POV

We follow Bart's gaze around the cavern. It is a Simpson-y version of Hieronymus Bosch's hell.

BACK TO BART AND THE DEVIL

DEVIL

You've earned eternal damnation for
your lifetime of evil deeds, Bart.
Spitting off the escalator clinched it.

BART

What evil deeds? I admit I stole a
couple of candy bars and cheated on a
spelling test. But that's about all
I've had time for so far. I'm only
ten.

DEVIL

(THINKING) Hmmm... it does seem a
little harsh. Let's see.

The Devil pulls out a file drawer from a rock wall, fumbles through the contents, then pulls out a very thick, charred, evil-looking file folder marked "Bart Simpson". He opens it.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

You've stolen three thousand, two
hundred candy bars and cheated on
thirty-nine spelling tests.

BART

Wow!

DEVIL

And that's just the tip of the iceberg.
However, according to this, you're not
due to arrive here until the next time
the Yankees win the pennant; nearly a
century from now. Sorry for the
inconvenience, Doomed One.

BART

That's all right. Hey, I make mistakes
too.

DEVIL

We know. (LOOKS UP) Ah! I see your
family is waiting for you.

Bart looks up. Huge heads of HOMER, MARGE, LISA and MAGGIE
are looking down at him. It looks like they have plunged
their heads down through the earth's crust. They look very
concerned. Bart suddenly finds himself floating up towards
the surface, Bart looks back at the devil.

BART

(A LITTLE TROUBLED) Say... uh... is
there anything I can do to avoid coming
back here? Is there some way I can
change my life?

DEVIL

(CONSIDERING) Well... you could... but
you wouldn't like it.

BART

(ACCEPTING THIS) Oh, okay. See you
later then.

DEVIL

(WAVING AND CALLING) Goodbye Bart!

Remember: Lie, cheat, steal and listen
to heavy metal music!

BART

(WAVING) Yessir!

The CAMERA TRACKS with Bart as he floats up through molten rock, a layer of bedrock, clay, dirt, a grimy basement, several floors of hospital rooms, through the floorboards of his hospital room, up through his hospital bed and into his unconscious body.

NEW ANGLE

Homer, Marge, Lisa and Maggie are all leaning over Bart with concerned expressions. In the middle of them is a smartly dressed, shifty looking character named LIONEL HUTZ. He has his arms around Marge and Homer and is joining the others in gazing down on Bart. Suddenly Bart stirs and opens his eyes.

HOMER

He's awake!

MARGE

Oh, Bart! We thought for a minute
you'd gone away from us.

BART

(EAGERLY) I did go away, Mom! I was
miles and miles and miles away,
writhing in agony in the pits of Hell.

(POINTS TO EACH FAMILY MEMBER IN TURN)

And you were there! And you! And you!

And you! (POINTS AT HUTZ) You I've
never seen before.

HOMER

(TURNING TO HUTZ) Hey, yeah! Who are you? I saw you chasing Bart's ambulance...

HUTZ

Hutz's the name, Mr. Simpson. Lionel Hutz, Attorney-At-Law. Here's my card.

Hutz hands Homer a business card.

HUTZ (CONT'D)

It turns into a sponge when you put it in water.

HOMER

Classy.

HUTZ

I'd like to talk to you about bringing legal action against the fiend who did this to your boy.

HOMER

Well, the fiend who did this is my boss. And besides, the doctor says it's just a bump on the head and a broken finger. Nothing serious.

HUTZ

(SCOFFING) Doctors! Doctors are
idiots! There's no telling what kind
of permanent injuries he might have.
You might have to wait on him hand and
foot (POKING HOMER IN THE CHEST AT EACH
WORD) for the rest of his natural life!

The family reacts with dismayed AD LIBS.

HUTZ (CONT'D)

That's the downside. Here's the good
part. You can cash in on this tragedy
and get a big cash settlement right
now!

HOMER

(MASSAGING HIS CHEST) Wow...

MARGE

Mr. Hutz, this is hardly the time or
place to discuss this.

HUTZ

You're right, you're right. When you
feel up to it, come over to my office
and we'll talk about it.

Grode exits and begins following a passing stretcher.

HUTZ

(FADING) Lionel Hutz, Attorney-At-Law.

What's that, a broken neck? Great!

A smiling DOCTOR HIBBERT enters Bart's room and bends over
to examine the large bump on Bart's head.

DOCTOR HIBBERT

Well! We've got a nasty bump on our
head, haven't we? (FEELS BUMP)

BART

Ow!

DOCTOR

And a little tiny broken finger.
(WRIGGLES BART'S BROKEN FINGER)

BART

Ow!

MARGE

Is he well enough for me to start
mothering him unbearably, doctor?

DOCTOR

Better let him rest up awhile first.

BART

Will I ever be able to clean my room
again, Doc?

DOCTOR

(PATTING BART'S HEAD) Of course you
will, my boy. Sooner than you think.

BART

Damn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - NEXT DAY

Homer is eating a donut with LENNY in the snack area.

LENNY

I heard Mr. Burns crushed your boy.

HOMER

Yeah.

LENNY

I think you should bring that up at the next union meeting.

HOMER

(GETTING A LITTLE ANGRY) Yeah! If I wasn't so spineless, I'd march into Mr. Burns' office right now and...

Smithers pokes his head in the door.

SMITHERS

Simpson! Mr. Burns wants you to march into his office right now.

HOMER

Uh-oh...

INT. BURNS' OFFICE - A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

Homer enters the office behind Smithers. Burns is sitting behind his desk trying to smile amiably, but the results are grotesque. A half-dozen identical LAWYERS are standing behind Burns. They are smiling thinly. Burns gets up and holds out his hand to shake.

BURNS

Ah, Simpson! At last we meet.

HOMER

Nice to meet you too, sir.

BURNS

My lawyers have advised me to pay you
for running over your child. So I've
written you out a check.

HOMER

You have? Great!

BURNS

(HANDING CHECK TO HOMER) It's a
cashier's check. For...

(IMPRESSIVELY)... One... Hundred...
Dollars! (QUICKLY) Of course you'll
have to sign a waiver, relinquishing
your right to sue and so forth...
merely a formality...

HOMER

(STUNNED) A hundred bucks?

BURNS

(IMPATIENT) Take it or leave it,
Simpson.

Homer starts to sweat nervously.

HOMER

W-well... It's a v-very generous offer,
sir. But -- well -- a hundred dollars
doesn't buy as much as it used to.

BURNS

(GRABBING CHECK ANGRILY) Very well.
Then you get nothing.

HOMER

Well, maybe a couple of hundred...

BURNS

I have the finest lawyers in
Springfield, Simpson. (THE LAWYERS NOD
SMUGLY) If you ever try to take me to
court, they'll tear you apart.

(LAWYERS NOD SMUGLY AGAIN) Throw him
out, Smithers.

HOMER

(WITH SOME DIGNITY) You don't have to
do that, Mr. Burns. I can throw myself
out.

Homer leaves stiffly and closes the door.

INT. OUTSIDE BURNS' DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Homer, shaken and nervous, stands up against the closed door. He is now sweating profusely. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the card Hutz gave him and wipes his face with it. Homer, realizing what he's got, reads the card which starts expanding obscuring some of the letters.

CLOSE-UP - HUTZ'S CARD

It reads: "Attorney-at-law. As seen on TV. No case too small. Si habla espanol. Klondike 5-Laww." The logo is the scales of justice overflowing with money.

HOMER

Hey! Lionel Hutz...

Homer clenches his fist, defiantly thrusting it in the air. Sweat spills down his arm from the card-turned-sponge.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - LATER THAT DAY

Between "The Yogurt Nook" and "Gum for Less" is the law office of Lionel Hutz.

INT. THE OFFICE OF LIONEL HUTZ - CONTINUOUS

The secretary, DELLA, is sitting at her desk reading a magazine. Homer is there. Hutz enters.

HUTZ

Right in here, Mr. Simpson. Any calls,
Della?

DELLA

Calls?

She looks at Hutz questioningly. He surreptitiously jerks his thumb at Homer.

DELLA (CONT'D)

(SUDDENLY GETTING IT) Oh, calls!

Yes... uh... (LOOKS THROUGH NOTEPAD)

The Supreme Court called again. They
need your help on some "freedom" thing.

HUTZ

Tell them to sit tight. I'll get back
to them. This way, Mr. Simpson.

INT. HUTZ'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hutz indicates a chair in front of his desk and they both sit down. Homer looks around the very ostentatiously decorated office. There are framed diplomas all over the walls.

HOMER

(ADMIRING DIPLOMAS) You sure have got
some education, Mr. Hutz.

HUTZ

(UNIMPRESSED WITH HIMSELF) Yes...
Harvard, Yale, MIT, Oxford, The
Sorbonne, The Louvre...

We hear a faint SIREN. Hutz automatically jumps out of his
chair, remembers Homer, then sinks suavely back into his
seat.

HUTZ

Mr. Simpson, I think you've got a good
case here. I'd like to handle it. My
fee is fifty percent of the settlement.

HOMER

(RESISTING) Fifty percent?

HUTZ

You'll be getting more than just a
lawyer, Mr. Simpson. You'll also be
getting this exquisite faux pearl
necklace -- a \$99 value -- as our gift
to you.

Hutz pulls several necklaces out of his desk drawer,
untangles one, and hands it to Homer.

HOMER

(LOOKING AT NECKLACE) Well... I
dunno... You and I might have
different ideas about just how big a
big cash settlement should be.

HUTZ

Ten million dollars.

HOMER

Whoo! I stand corrected. Ten million
bucks is A-okay!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM OF HUTZ'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Marge and Homer are standing around a little nervously in the waiting room. Hutz is with them, rubbing his hands expectantly. All three are looking at the closed door marked "Examination Room". The walls of the office are covered with diplomas like Hutz's. As Homer admires them, we PAN several of the diplomas. We see "Mayo Clinic Correspondence School," "Comiskey Park Medical School," "I Went To Medical School For Two Years and All I Got Was This Lousy Diploma," "Honorary Member Christian Barnard Fan Club," "Smooth Operator," and "Female Body Inspector."

HOMER

(ADMIRINGLY) Some education!

HUTZ

Now, we'll get a real doctor's opinion!

The door to the examination room opens and a smiling DOCTOR comes out, looking like he is full of good news.

HUTZ'S DOCTOR

(CHEERFULLY) Bad news!

MARGE

Oh!

HUTZ'S DOCTOR

(GRINNING) Your son is a very sick
boy. Just look at the X-Rays!

He holds up a large X-Ray of Bart's head, spikey hair and all.

HUTZ'S DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(POINTING) See that dark spot there?

Whiplash.

HOMER

Whiplash!

HUTZ'S DOCTOR

And this smudge here that looks like my
fingerprint? That's trauma.

MARGE

(MURMURS DISAPPROVINGLY)

Bart is wheeled out of the examination room in a wheelchair by a NURSE. He is in a full body cast with his broken finger held up and out from his body by rods that are attached to the cast on the top of his head. The cast is contoured to the spikes of his head. He has IVs sticking into both arms. Bart takes one look at the worried faces around him and gets scared.

BART

Am I going to die?

HOMER

(BREAKING DOWN) Yes, son.

MARGE

(SHOCKED) Homer!

HOMER

(QUICKLY CONTROLLING HIMSELF) I
mean... no, of course you're not going
to die. Everything's fine!

BART

Will I ever play baseball again?

HOMER

(BREAKING DOWN AGAIN) No!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURNS' OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Burns is looking through a sheaf of legal-looking papers with disbelief.

BURNS

Ten million dollars! Smithers! Who is this Homer J. Simpson?

SMITHERS

One of your semi-skilled workers. If you'll remember, sir, you recently flattened his child with your car. And then a few days ago, you tried to bribe him.

BURNS

Oh him, how could I forget? Fire him.

SMITHERS

Uh, do you think that's wise, Mr. Burns? I mean... think of the headlines.

CLOSE-UP - BURNS

He thinks.

NEWSPAPERS

They whirl up to the camera and stop one at a time. Each has one of the following headlines: "Burns Fires Ungrateful Employee," "Another Smart Move By Burns," and "Hooray For Burns." This last headline is illustrated with a photo of Burns being carried on the shoulders of people of all races and creeds.

BURNS

He finishes visualizing the headlines and looks at Smithers, baffled.

BURNS

What about the headlines?

SMITHERS

The press might be critical of you for firing the crippled boy's father so soon after the accident.

BURNS

Well... all right then. I don't want to seem like an ogre. (VERY SINISTER)
I'll bide my time. Let him twist in the wind... slowly... slowly. And then... when the papers have found their new "flavor of the month", he'll find out this cat has claws!

Burns raises a claw-like hand.

SMITHERS

Good thinking, sir.

INT. SIMPSON HOME - ENTRANCE HALL - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

We are looking over Marge's shoulder as she opens the front door. Three of Bart's friends, MILHOUSE, LEWIS and RICHARD are standing in the doorway, baseball caps in hand.

MARGE

I'm sorry, boys, but I'm afraid Bart can't come out and play today.

MILHOUSE

We don't want to play, Mrs. Simpson.

RICHARD

We heard Bart got torn up into a million pieces.

MILHOUSE

Yeah, and we want to see it.

MARGE

I'm sorry. You'll have to wait and see Bart when he's better.

MILHOUSE

Aw, heck.

LEWIS

Who wants to see him then?

NEW ANGLE

Marge closes the door and we follow her into the living room. Bart is in the center of the living room in his wheelchair. Hutz is standing next to him, adjusting one of the bandages and then seeing how it looks. Homer, Lisa, and Maggie are watching this procedure with interest.

HUTZ

Now, let's pretend you're on the witness stand... (PAUSE)... How are you, Bart?

BART

Fine.

HUTZ

(EXPLODING) Wrong!!! You are not fine! You are in constant pain!

BART

(INTIMIDATED) I am in constant pain.

HUTZ

You do not know how you can go on.

BART

I do not know how I can go on.

LISA

I think what you're doing is wrong.

BART

I think what you're doing is wrong.

HOMER

What's wrong with it?

LISA

I think all of this is just a charade
to make Bart look more injured than he
really is.

HOMER

Paging Dr. Lisa, please report to your
room immediately.

MARGE

Well, maybe Lisa does have a point,
Homer. I mean Dr. Hibbert has been our
family physician for years and he
thought Bart was fine.

HOMER

(VERY SARCASTICALLY) Oh, Dr. Hibbert
from the "Northwestern University
School of Medicine." Marge, I think
Bart is entitled to fair compensation
for his suffering.

MARGE

Well then, can't we just get reimbursed
for our medical bills?

HOMER

We are! And millions more!

LISA

But we're lying as well as contributing
to the overcrowded court rooms of our
overly litigious society.

Hutz walks over to Lisa, kneels down in front of her and
smiles.

HUTZ

Get out of here, little girl.

HOMER

Lisa...

LISA

(HUFF) I'm going...

Lisa exits. Hutz returns to Bart.

HUTZ

Now once more... what kind of pain are
you in?

BART

I am in constant pain.

HUTZ

Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The courtroom is crowded. The JUDGE (from "Krusty Gets Busted"), has just taken his seat. Bart - in his wheelchair - and the rest of the family are seated in the front row next to Hutz. Burns and his lawyers are in the front row on the adjacent aisle. The BAILIFF rises.

BAILIFF

(CALLING) Springfield Municipal Court
is now in session. Judge Moulton
presiding.

Immediately Burns' lawyer, a James Mason type, springs to his feet.

BURNS' LAWYER

Your honor, my client has instructed me
to remind the court how rich and
important he is, and that he is not
like other men.

Burns leaps to his feet.

BURNS

I should be able to run over as many
kids as I want!

The judge **BANGS** his gavel and frowns at Burns. Burns sits down. A few of the SPECTATORS are nodding in agreement with Burns, but others are not so sure. The judge **BANGS** his gavel again.

JUDGE

(STERNLY) Mr. Burns, I must warn you
that if you continue to disrupt the
court in this way, I will have to cite
you for contempt.

BURNS

(SNEERING) You wouldn't dare.

JUDGE

(REALIZING THIS IS TRUE) Well, no, I
guess I wouldn't. But I wish you'd
tone it down a notch.

BURNS

(SURLY) Bugger off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

BAILIFF

Calling Bart Simpson to the stand!

Slowly a wheelchair makes its way across the floor to the
witness stand. Everyone in the jury goes "Awwww." Burns
rolls his eyes.

BURNS

Oh please.

JUDGE

(KINDLY) Hello, Bart. How are you?

BART

Fine.

HUTZ (O.S.)

Wrong!!!

The judge **BANGS** his gavel.

BART

(CORRECTING HIS PREVIOUS STATEMENT) I
am in constant pain. I cannot go on.

JUDGE

I understand, son. We'll get this over
with as quickly as we can. Now, you
know the difference between telling the
truth and telling a lie, don't you?

BART

Maybe.

JUDGE

And you wouldn't lie to the United
States would you, Bart?

Bart looks at Homer and Hutz. They both violently shake
their heads and make "no" motions with their hands.

BART

(TO JUDGE) No.

JUDGE

Good. Proceed, Mr. Hutz.

HUTZ

Thank you, your honor. (HE APPROACHES
BART) Now, Bart, I want you to tell
the jury, in your own words, exactly
what happened on the day of the
accident.

BART

Yes sir. (OBVIOUSLY RECITING A
PREPARED SPEECH) It was a beautiful
Sunday afternoon. The sun was shining
and I was laughing and playing in my
wholesome childlike way, little
realizing that in a few moments I was
to be struck down in my prime by the
Luxury Car of Death.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. - DREAMLIKE SUBURBAN SPRINGFIELD STREET - AFTERNOON

CHILDREN are skipping and playing. Squirrels and rabbits
are dancing with looks of ecstasy on their faces. A
CHEERFUL BRAINLESS SONG is in the background. The whole
thing is like a sappy 1930's cartoon. Suddenly an evil
looking black car, like the one driven by Professor Fate in
"The Great Race", comes cruising evilly around the turn. A
little tot **SCREAMS** and points at the car and all the
children begin running for their lives, **SCREAMING** in fear.

BART (O.S.)

Every schoolchild knows about Mr. Burns
and lives in fear of the day he will
come for them.

INT. BURNS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Burns is hunched over the wheel, peering around for
victims. Smithers is next to him, sweeping the horizon
with binoculars. **MUSIC:** "Ride of the Valkyries."

SMITHERS

(SUDDENLY) Defenseless child at three
o'clock!

BURNS

Kill! Kill! Kill!

ANGLE - THROUGH BURNS' WINDSHIELD

The car swerves off the road and gains speed as it races across a playground towards Bart. Burns sights Bart through his hood ornament.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

From overhead, we can see Bart running across the park in an erratic pattern, just managing to stay in front of Burns' car. NOTE: This should look like an homage to "North by Northwest."

BURNS

(MANIACAL CACKLE)

NEW ANGLE

Bart is cornered against the high cyclone fence that surrounds the park. The car slowly moves in for the kill.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

BART

Luckily, I was not killed that day.

Although sometimes I wish I had been.

CUT TO:

The jury is **SOBBING** unashamedly. A number of the spectators are looking skeptical but are **SNIFFING**. Burns is scowling. Even the judge is frowning a little.

BURNS

He's lying!

The judge **BANGS** his gavel.

JUDGE

Please, Mr. Burns! (TO BART) Are you
sure you wouldn't lie to us, Bart?

Bart looks at Hutz questioningly. Hutz shakes his head.

BART

(TO JUDGE) No sir.

JUDGE

(SATISFIED) Good.

Burns' lawyers huddle and confer in **HUSHED WHISPERS**.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Burns is seated in the witness stand, looking very surly.

BURNS' LAWYER

Now, Mr. Burns, would you please relate
in your own words exactly what really
happened on the day of the accident.

Burns pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket, unfolds
it and begins reading it aloud without enthusiasm.

BURNS

(STILTED) It was a beautiful day. The
sun was shining. And I was driving
downtown to do something nice.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. DREAMLIKE SUBURBAN SPRINGFIELD STREET - AFTERNOON

Burns and Smithers are cruising slowly along in a
Volkswagen Bug Convertible with big flower stickers on the
side. They are **SINGING** happily and throwing gold coins and
candy and flowers to the adoring multitudes lining the
street.

BURNS (O.S.)

On the way, I was sharing my wealth
with those less fortunate than myself,
as is my custom.

BURNS & SMITHERS

(SINGING) La-la la-la la! Share and
share alike! la-la la-la la!...

The car passes a side street. Bart comes racing
dangerously out onto the main thoroughfare, his face
twisted and insane.

BURNS (O.S.)

Suddenly the Simpson's ugly brute of a
son...

BART (O.S.)

Objection your honor!

BURNS (O.S.)

...began terrorizing the neighborhood
with his dangerously unsafe skateboard.

Bart is now on the street heading straight towards Burns'
car.

BART

(MANIACAL CACKLE)

CUT TO:

BURNS' POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Bart is coming straight at the car. Burns swerves the car
to avoid him, but Bart is still directly in his path. The
car screeches to a halt. Terrified, Burns and Smithers try
to escape from the car but the doors won't open. At the
last second, Burns and Smithers jump over the sides as Bart
bangs into the car and flies through the air.

BURNS

(TO SMITHERS) Oh my goodness! Look
what has happened!

SMITHERS

It's not important, sir. Let's drive
on.

Burns rushes over to Bart's side.

BURNS

Why you despicable, amoral, cold
blooded piece of filth. Regardless of
what you think, we must summon help,
and comfort the dear boy until an
ambulance arrives.

Burns cradles Bart's head in his arms. Camera PULLS BACK
dramatically to an overhead shot.

BURNS

(WAILING TO THE HEAVENS BROKENLY)

Noooo! Don't make the boy pay such a
terrible price for his recklessness!
Take me, I'm old!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Burns sits back in the witness stand, satisfied with his
story and tenting his fingers.

BURNS

And that's what happened.

Everyone in the courtroom, including Smithers, is glaring
at Burns. Many are TAPPING their feet impatiently.

JUDGE

Surely, Mr. Burns, you don't expect the court to believe any of that?

BURNS

(POINTING AT BART) You believed his cock and bull story.

JUDGE

Yes, but he's just a boy. An honest, kind, truthful boy.

BURNS

(GRUMBLES)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Burns is **TALKING** quietly with his lawyers, occasionally looking resentfully over at Bart.

HUTZ

(QUIETLY TO HOMER) It's looking good, Mr. Simpson. It's looking very, very good.

Smithers gets up and walks over to Homer.

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns would like to see you at his home tonight.

HOMER

Stately Burns Manor? Uhh... okay.

INT. BURNS' LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A nervous Homer and Marge are seated in the living room. Homer takes hors d'oeuvres from a plate that a BUTLER is holding. Burns is sitting opposite Homer, smiling in what he hopes is a friendly manner. Smithers is standing next to Mr. Burns.

BURNS

(BARELY RESTRAINING HIS FURY) Would
you care for some wine, old buddy?

HOMER

Don't mind if I do.

Burns nods slightly to Smithers. Smithers pours Homer a glass of wine.

BURNS

(ALMOST BITTER) That's a '49 Margaux.
It costs \$1500 a bottle.

Homer tastes it, rolls it around on his tongue thoughtfully.

HOMER

Could I have some ice, please?

BURNS

Get him some ice, Smithers.

SMITHERS

(STIFFENING) Mr. Burns, I've never
disobeyed a direct order but...

BURNS

(SHOUTING ANGRILY) I said do it, so do
it, do it, do it. Get the cretin some
ice!

Smithers leaves, his face ashen.

BURNS

Now then, Homie, old chum, what would you say to settling this silly little dispute of ours right now... for, say, a cool million dollars?

HOMER

(STUNNED) A million?

BURNS

Wait, before you decide, let me explain money to you.

Burns takes a banana from a bowl of fruit.

BURNS (CONT'D)

It's a lot like this banana.

Burns **GRUNTS** and **STRAINS** as he peels it.

BURNS (CONT'D)

You break your back trying to get to it. You wonder if anything can possibly be worth this much effort. But then, the prize. (TAKES A BIT) Mmmm... the sweet white flesh. And it's lots of fun.

Burns tosses the peel. Smithers enters carrying the ice and slips on the peel. Burns and Homer laugh.

MARGE

That poor man.

SMITHERS

Oh, that's okay. Nothing hurt but my pride.

HOMER

Now about that million dollars...

BURNS

(WITH FINGER TO LIPS) Up-up-up-up.

Don't answer me now. Relax, talk it over with the missus, soak in the opulence of your surroundings and dream of what might be. I'll go powder my nose.

Burns and Smithers exit.

HOMER

Marge, what should we do?

Camera PANS to a painting of Burns patting a dog. The eyes on the two figures slide back, replaced with the eyes of Burns and Smithers which move back and forth.

MARGE

I don't know, maybe we should take his million dollars and put all this ugliness behind us.

HOMER

Marge! I brought you here to stop me from acting stupid.

CUT TO:

BURNS AND SMITHERS

Behind the painting. Burns is standing and Smithers is down on all fours.

MARGE (O.S.)

Well, a million dollars is a generous offer.

BURNS

(SOTTO) The fish is in the pan.

BACK TO HOMER AND MARGE.

HOMER

Marge, ten million dollars is a hundred times better than a million.

MARGE

Well, then I don't know, Homer. Maybe we should just let the jury decide.

HOMER

You're right. You're right.

Burns and Smithers enter.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mr. Burns, we've reached a decision.

BURNS

I know, I know! Get out! And if you value your lives, you'll make haste.

OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE MANSION GROUNDS

BURNS (O.S.)

(OVER LOUDSPEAKER) Release the hounds!

Homer and Marge are running for all they're worth with about fifty enormous dogs chasing them.

MARGE

I wish I hadn't worn these heels!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - NEXT DAY

The courtroom is BUZZING with excitement. The jury box is empty and everyone in the courtroom is watching the door to the room where the jury members are sequestered. Finally, the door opens and the jury files in.

HUTZ

(TO HOMER) Here they come. Keep your fingers crossed.

BURNS

Cross my fingers, Smithers.

JUDGE

Has the jury reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, your honor. After carefully weighing the facts and taking into account the defendant's obnoxious behavior, we find for the plaintiff, in the amount of ten million dollars.

HOMER

Who's the plaintiff?

HUTZ

You are!

HOMER

I'm rich! I'm rich!

The courtroom erupts into PANDEMONIUM. Papers are thrown in the air. The spectators are CHEERING. The Simpsons are hugging each other. A HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND comes marching in PLAYING SOMETHING BY SOUSA. Burns stares straight ahead, looking thunderstruck.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Homer, Marge, Maggie and Lisa are seated at the kitchen table which is piled high with catalogs. Homer is wearing a top hat and a smoking jacket. Bart crosses through carrying his skateboard.

HOMER

(GASPS) Bart! What are you doing?

BART

Trying out my new skateboard, man.

HOMER

Now, Bart. Remember what you promised that nice lawyer. Even though we're all very happy at your miraculous recovery, certain people might get the wrong idea if they saw you skateboarding around or doing anything that a normal boy could do outside.

BART

(DEJECTED) Gotcha.

Sullenly, Bart exits. Homer picks up the phone and **DIALS**.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Yeah, this is Homer J. Simpson, the millionaire. I want to get a bowling ball made of gold.

MARGE

Homer.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE, PAUSE) You heard me.
Solid gold. And I want a dozen custom
made bowling shirts that say "Golden
Boy" on the back.

MARGE

(A LITTLE STRONGER) Homer.

HOMER

In a minute. (INTO PHONE, TOUGH) And I
want it all delivered to me in six
weeks. (LISTENS) Not in two weeks. I
said six weeks!

MARGE

HOMER!

Homer hangs up the phone.

HOMER

Now what is it, Marge?

MARGE

Remember that story on the news about
the man who won the lottery and now
he's working in a pizzeria?

HOMER

Oooh, pizza. Thank you, Marge.

Homer picks up the phone and **DIALS**.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) Hello, this is Homer J. Simpson, the millionaire. I want the biggest pizza you got. Everything on it. And double cheese... no, triple cheese... no, fourple cheese.

(LISTENS) I don't care what it costs. And I want it in twenty minutes!

Homer hangs up the phone. Lisa is looking through a horse catalog.

HOMER

Lisa, have you picked out a pony yet?

LISA

I don't want to.

HOMER

Why?

LISA

Do I have to get on the rollercoaster again? I know that for every giddy, Simpson up, there's a stomach-churning plunge into the abyss.

HOMER

Come on, come on. Pick one out. What color do you want? Brown, black, Appamaloosa?

Lisa **SIGHS** and exits carrying the horse catalog.

MARGE

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Homer, I brought up that poor man from the news because I think we might be making the same mistakes he did.

HOMER

(A LITTLE SHAKEN) Come on, Marge. That guy was dumb. (SLIGHT STAMMERING) He blew it on a lot of stuff he didn't need. (WEAKLY) He's not like me.

(REALIZING) Oh, my God! You're right!

Lisa enters still holding catalog. She is beaming.

LISA

I've decided, Dad. I want this magnificent Chestnut stallion...

HOMER

What are you trying to do? Break us?

Homer grabs the catalog out of her hands.

HOMER (CONT'D)

"Magnificent Chestnut stallion." Lisa, you're spending money like a drunken sailor.

LISA

Well, I guess I was wrong about the ups and downs.

HOMER

We're not gonna blow it this time. I'm gonna invest the money wisely. I'm gonna buy stocks and bonds and -- wait a minute... where do I come off buying stocks and bonds? I don't know the first thing about -- wait -- I'm gonna hire us a stock picker! And a bond person! And some -- uh -- smart guys that know whatever it is you're suppose to know about the... money thing... we're doing.

MARGE

Homer, that's the wisest thing you've ever said.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Lisa goes to answer it. A PIZZA DELIVERY BOY stands there with a huge pizza box that is dripping cheese over the sides.

PIZZA BOY

Pizza man!

Homer comes to the door.

HOMER

Pizza! We can't afford pizza! Must've been a crank call.

He **SLAMS** the door in the deliveryman's face.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Homer and a bunch of PEOPLE IN SUITS are gathered around the table.

SUIT #1

We're not ruling out, say, twenty percent of your holdings in a blue chip portfolio. However, the lion's share should be in municipal bonds.

HOMER

Sounds good.

SUIT #2

But as a hedge against inflation, we recommend five percent of your assets be allocated in precious metals.

HOMER

That's exactly what I was thinking.

SUIT #3

And, God forbid something should happen to you, we've set up variable annuities so that your survivors will be provided for.

HOMER

I like, I like.

SUIT #2

We'd like to compliment you, Mr. Simpson. By hiring highly professional people like us, you have shown yourself to be a clear-thinking, level headed individual.

During the above, in the b.g., Bart skateboards past the kitchen window.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS)

Homer scrambles across the table, scattering papers, and runs outside.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

As Homer runs outside, Hutz is pulling up in a Stutz Bearcat. He **HONKS** the horn, which plays "La Cucaracha."

HUTZ

Hey, Simpson. How do you like my new wheels?

Homer jumps in the car.

HOMER

Follow that skateboard!

Hutz **SCREAMS**.

EXT. THE CITY PARK - DUSK

Burns and Smithers are sitting on a park bench.

BURNS

Well, they've taken away my money, but I've still got my gumption.

SMITHERS

And you've got me, sir.

BURNS

Yes, that and fifty dollars will buy me a cheap bottle of wine. But there's still plenty of opportunities in this world for a young man with new ideas.

Bart **WHIZZES** past them on his new skateboard. They don't see him.

HOMER AND HUTZ - DRIVING THROUGH THE PARK

Homer is leaning his head out of the window, looking for signs of Bart.

HOMER

(CALLING) Bart! Baaarrrrttt!

EXT. PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Burns and Smithers are walking morosely along. Burns is kicking pinecones out of the way as he walks.

SMITHERS

You could drive an ice cream truck.

BURNS

Yes. Or -- here's a new idea -- TV repair! We live in a nation of addicts, Smithers. The masses need their quiz shows and horse operas.

Bart goes by them on his skateboard again. They don't see him.

HOMER AND HUTZ - DRIVING THROUGH PARK

Homer spots Bart.

HOMER

There he is! Turn that way.

HUTZ

I can't!

HOMER

Oh, yeah?

Homer is grabbing at the wheel and trying to wrestle it away from Hutz. We can see Burns and Smithers getting closer every minute. Smithers turns to see what all the yelling is about behind him.

SMITHERS' POV

The classic car's headlights are bearing down on him at fifty miles per hour.

BACK TO HOMER AND HUTZ

Hutz is grabbing the wheel and trying to wrestle it away from Homer. We can see Burns and Smithers through the windshield getting closer every second.

HOMER

Where did you learn how to drive.

HUTZ

Get your hands off the wheel!

BACK TO BURNS AND SMITHERS

Smithers quickly shoves Mr. Burns out of the way.

SMITHERS

Look out, Mr. Burns!!!

CLOSE-UP - SMITHERS

His eyes are clamped shut, waiting for the impact of the car. We hear a SCREECH of tires and a large THUMP. Smithers opens his eyes.

WE CUT WIDE

Hutz's car has crushed Mr. Burns. Homer and Hutz get out of the car and look at the aged hands sticking out from underneath the grill.

SMITHERS

(IN HORROR) Mr. Burns!!!

HOMER

(BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM)

DISSOLVE TO:

BURNS AND SMITHERS

Burns is covered from head to toe in bandages and is barely recognizable. Smithers is spoon-feeding him.

SMITHERS

(FEEDING BURNS) Here comes the
airplane into the hangar, sir.

BURNS

(PAINED, BUT ANGRY) Smithers!

SMITHERS

But you need your strength, sir.

We PULL OUT revealing we are

INT. COURTROOM - A FEW WEEKS LATER

The courtroom is packed as before. Homer and Hutz are
looking forlorn.

JUDGE

Has the jury reached a verdict?

BURNS

(SOFT MOANS)

FOREMAN

We have, your honor. We find the two
defendants, Homer J. Simpson and Lionel
Hutz, guilty as charged, and award the
victim, Mr. Burns, one dollar in
punitive damages and ten million in
actual damages.

Everyone **CHEERS** except Homer and Hutz. The marching band
enters, **PLAYING** the same song as before.

BURNS

(WEAK MOANS) I'm rich! I'm rich!

Smithers uses the opportunity to put the spoon in Burns'
mouth.

SMITHERS

Nummy, nummy. All gone, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - A FEW DAYS LATER

Homer, Marge, Maggie and Lisa are sitting on a park bench.
Homer is kicking pinecones.

HOMER

Oh well. Easy come, easy go. And who
knows? Maybe someday Lisa will get hit
by a car.

MARGE

(SHOCKED) Homer!

LISA

(SHOCKED) Dad!

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) I'm only kiddin'.

Bart whizzes up to Homer and Marge on his skateboard and
then tears off down the street.

BART

Gangway!

MARGE

Oh! Be careful dear!

HOMER

Quit mothering him, Marge. (CALLING)

Break a leg, son!

FADE OUT.

THE END